



ALL NEW

The FLINTSTONES STARRING



DINO

a Hanna-Barbera
Production

DINO

NO. 2
OCT.
CDC

ONLY
20¢



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DINO IN "DINO STRIKES BACK"

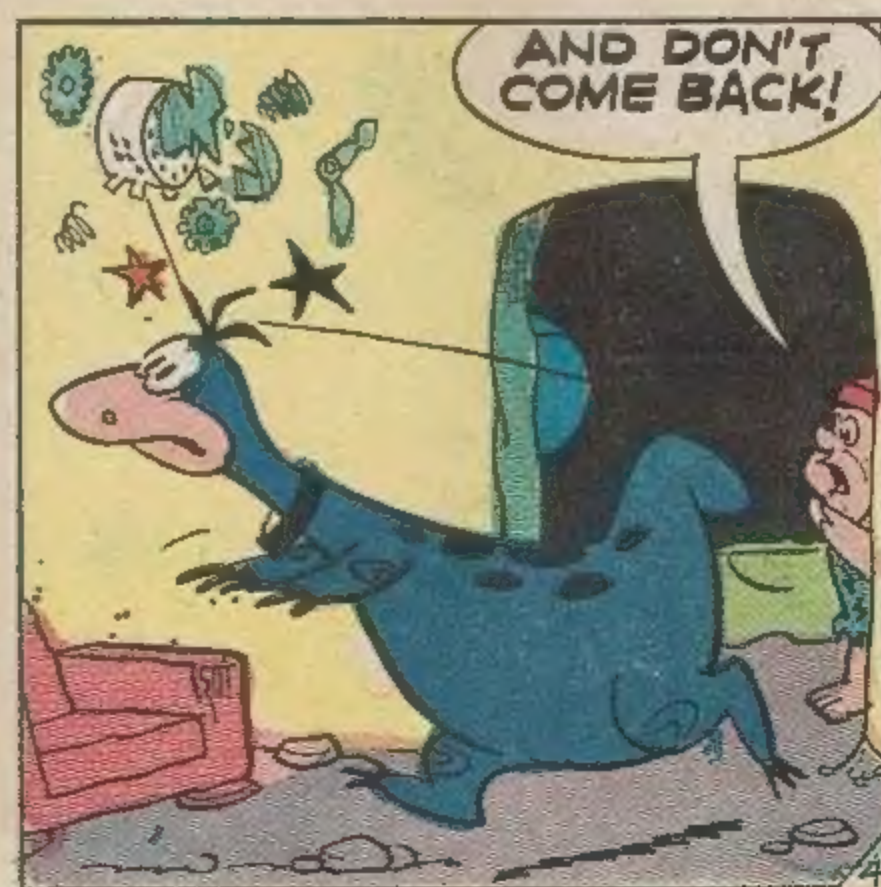
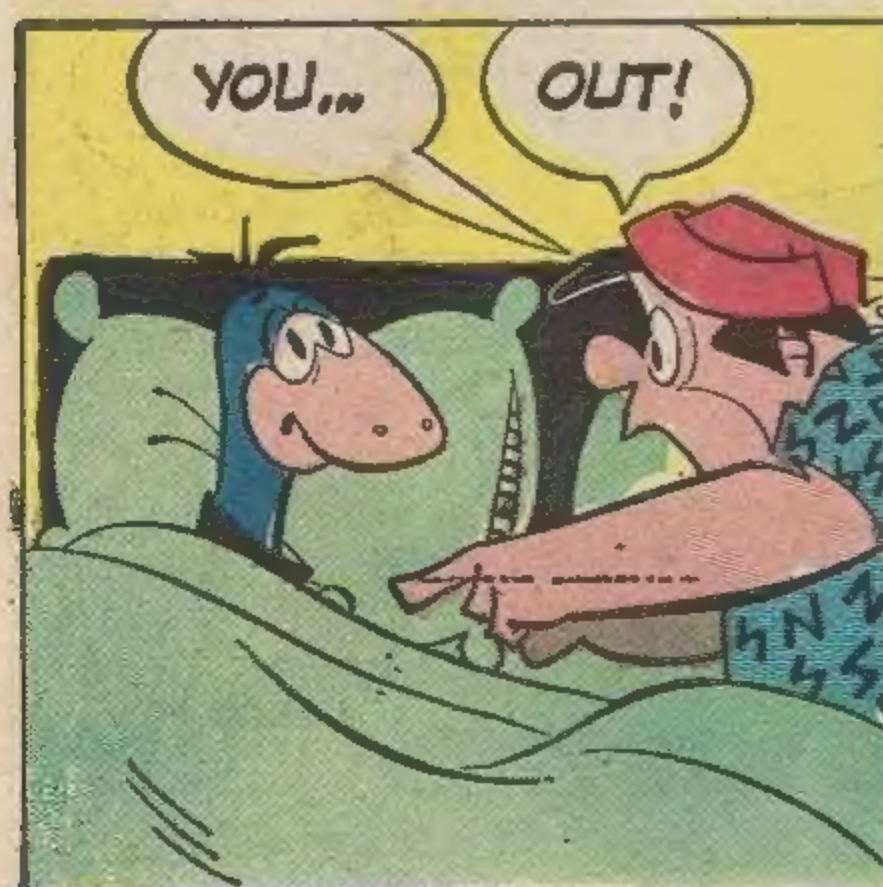


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Rita Azevedo







CONTINUED AFTER FOLLOWING PAGE

CAME THE DAWN AND.... LATER
THAN THAT....

WE'RE PRETTY
LATE, FRED... MR.
SLATE'S GONNA
BE MAD!

I COULDN'T
HELP BOUNCIN'
MY ALARM
CLOCK OFF
THAT STUPID
DINO'S HEAD!



SORRY
I'M LATE,
MR. SLATE!

I'M DOCKING YOU AN
HOUR'S PAY, RUBBLE!
OH, FLINTSTONE, DON'T
YOU WORRY ABOUT
BEING LATE!



I'VE FOUND SOMEBODY ELSE
WHO DOES YOUR WORK AT
HALF YOUR SALARY!

YOU WHAT?...
WHO, DINO?



FUN IS FUN... BUT
IT'S TIME TO GO
HOME!

I'LL KILL
HIM!



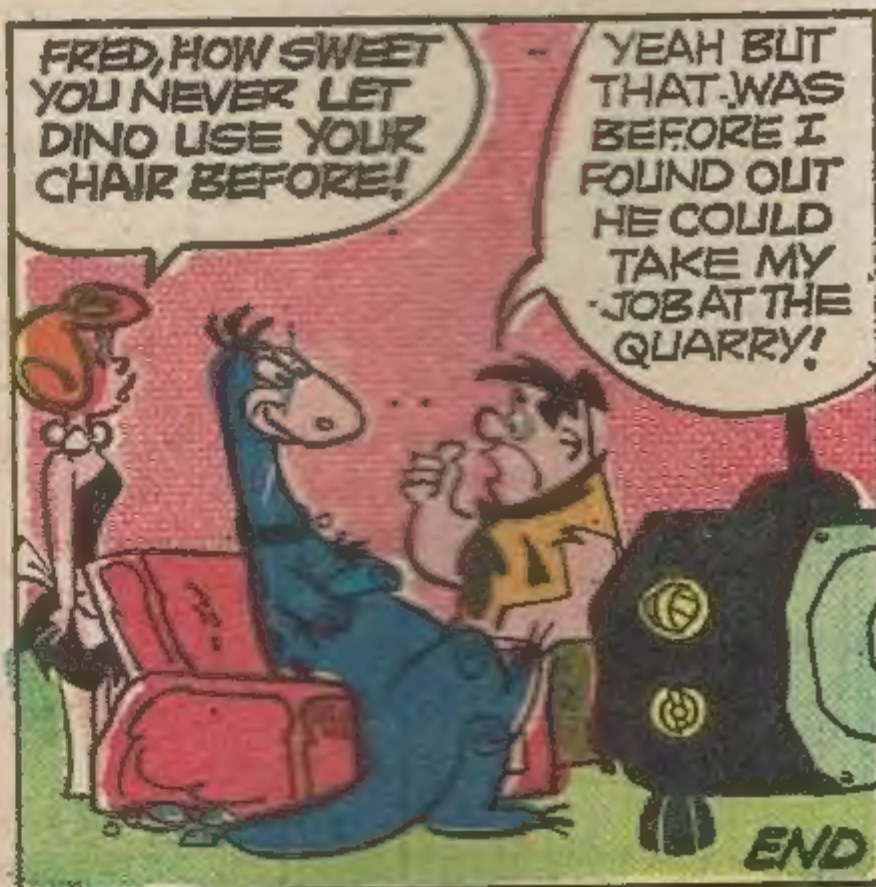
ALL RIGHT, FLINTSTONE, YOU'VE
GOT YOUR JOB BACK BUT
REMEMBER... NEXT TIME YOU'RE
LATE I CAN ALWAYS HIRE DINO!

GRRRR!!



FRED, HOW SWEET
YOU NEVER LET
DINO USE YOUR
CHAIR BEFORE!

YEAH BUT
THAT WAS
BEFORE I
FOUND OUT
HE COULD
TAKE MY
JOB AT THE
QUARRY!



DINO

IN NO FOOD
FOR FRED

MY KNIFE IS GONE!
HOW CAN I MAKE MYSELF
A SANDWICH IF I DON'T
HAVE A KNIFE TO CUT
THE MEAT?



D-5336

HERE'S MY KNIFE!
HOW DID IT GET
OUT HERE?



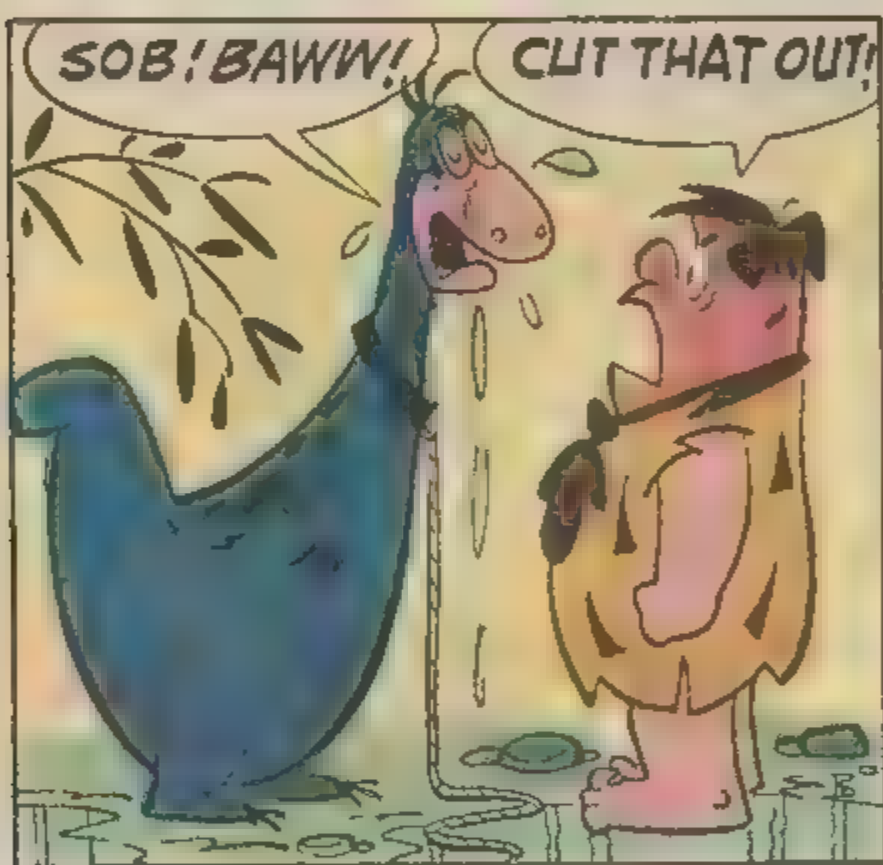
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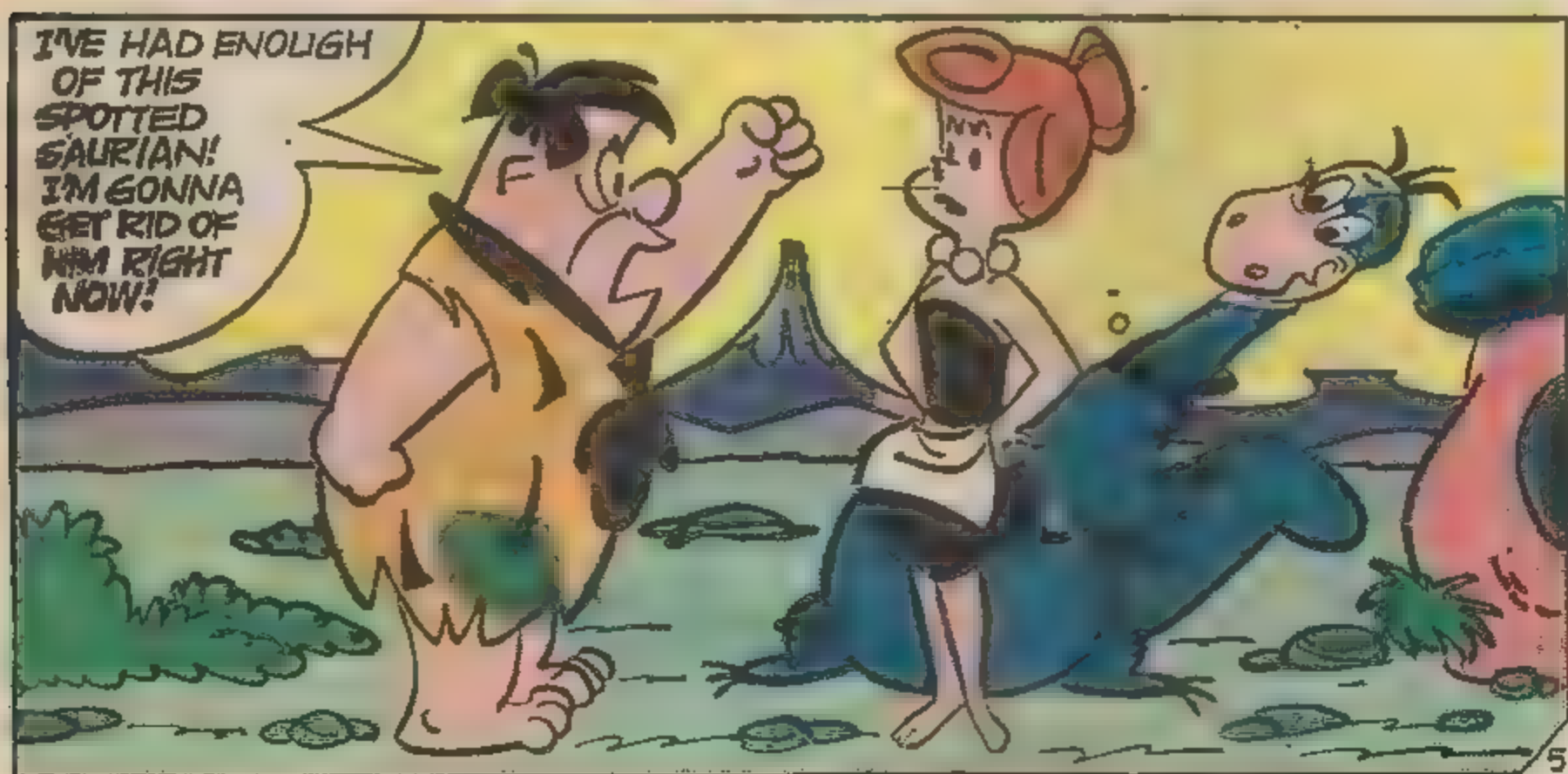
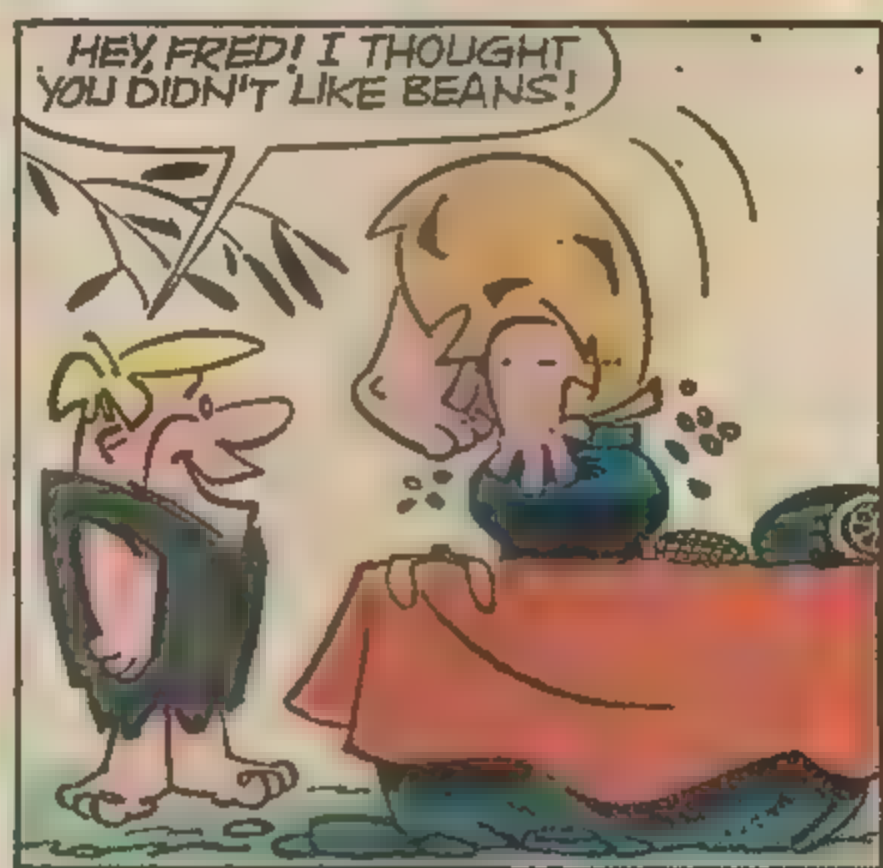
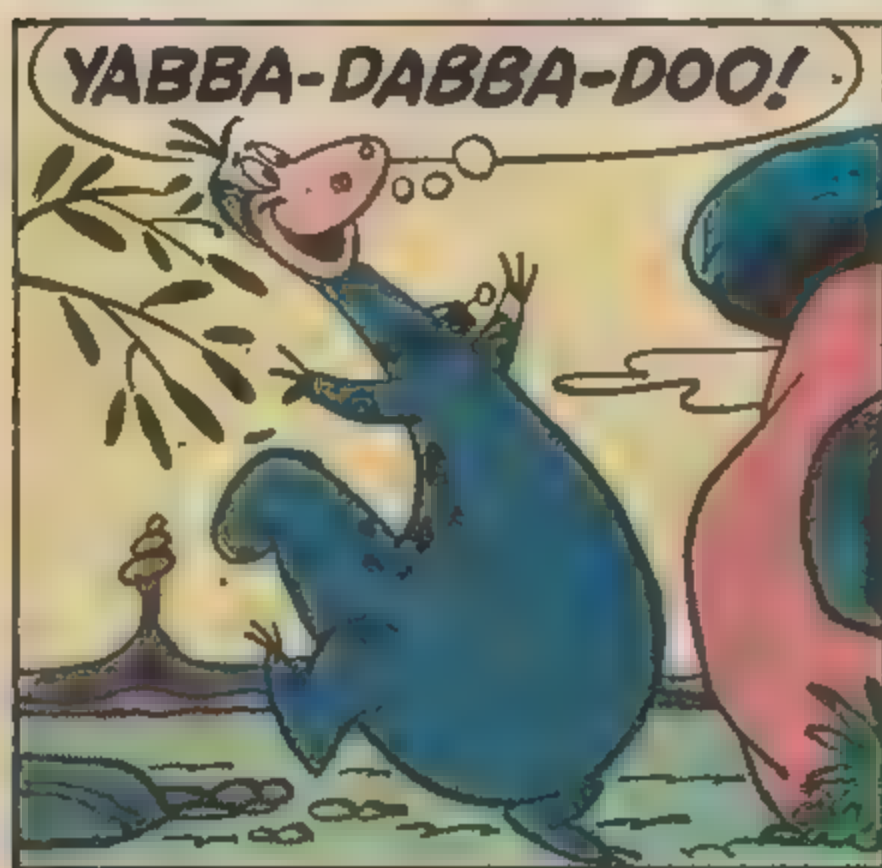
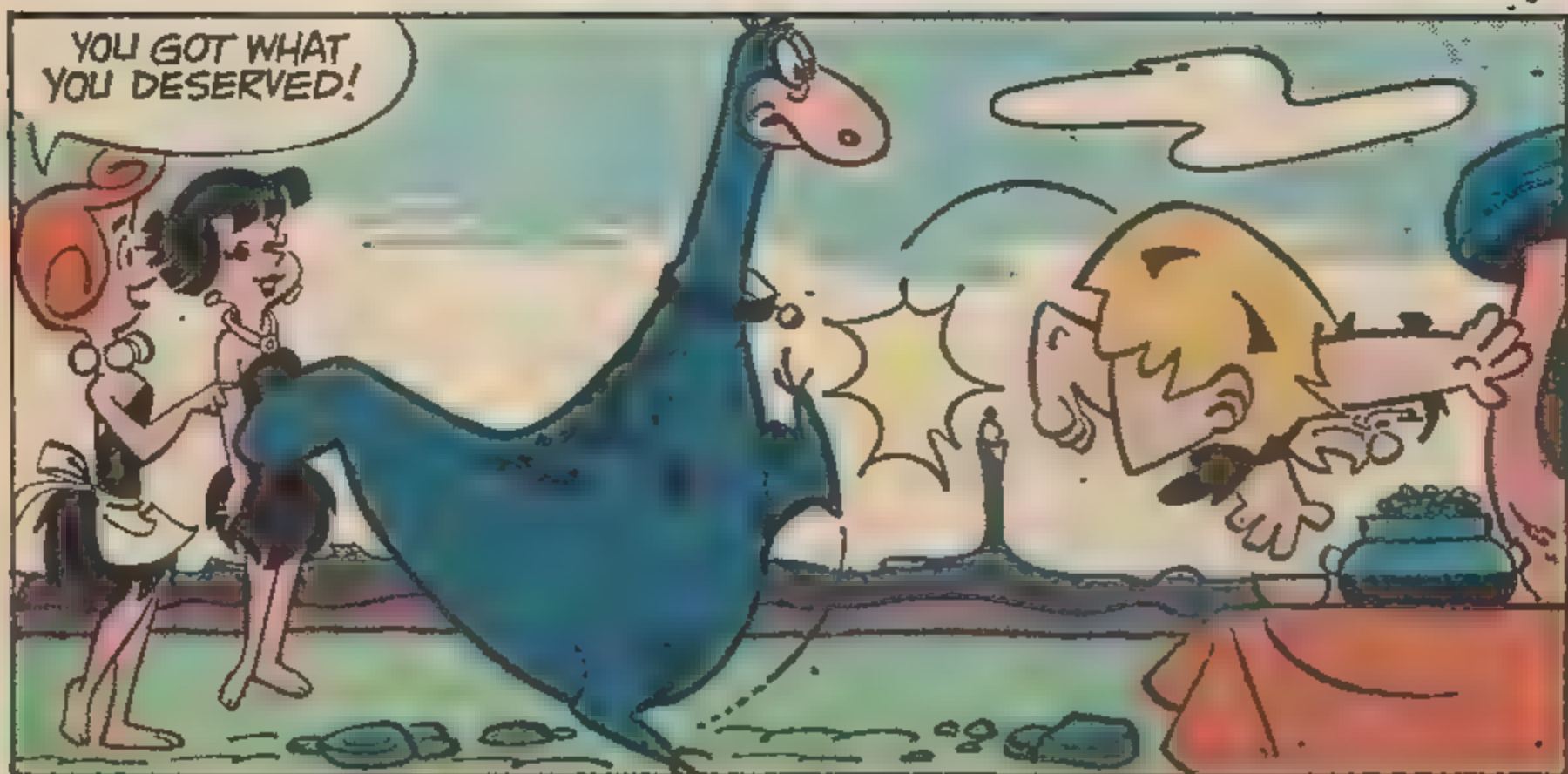
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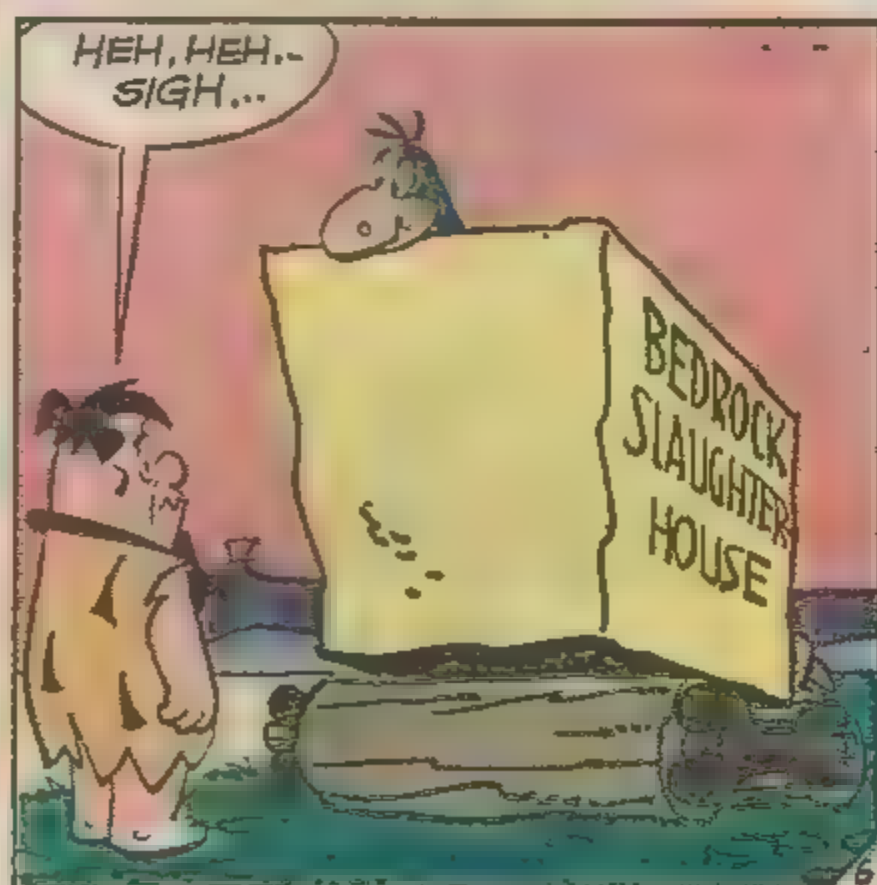
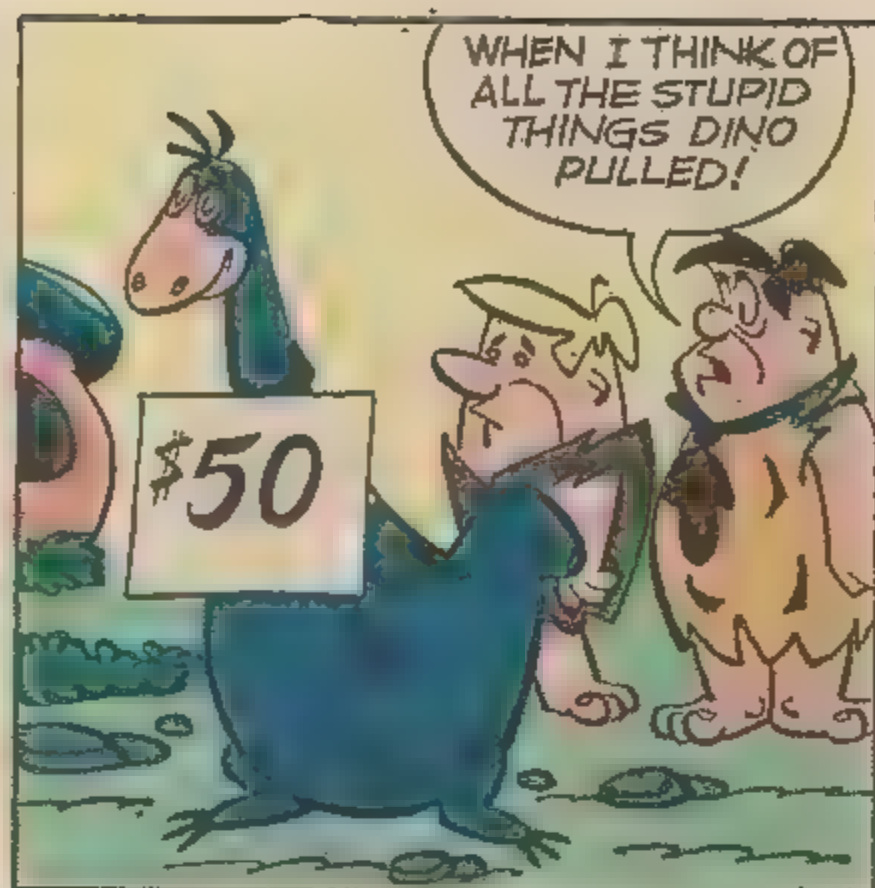


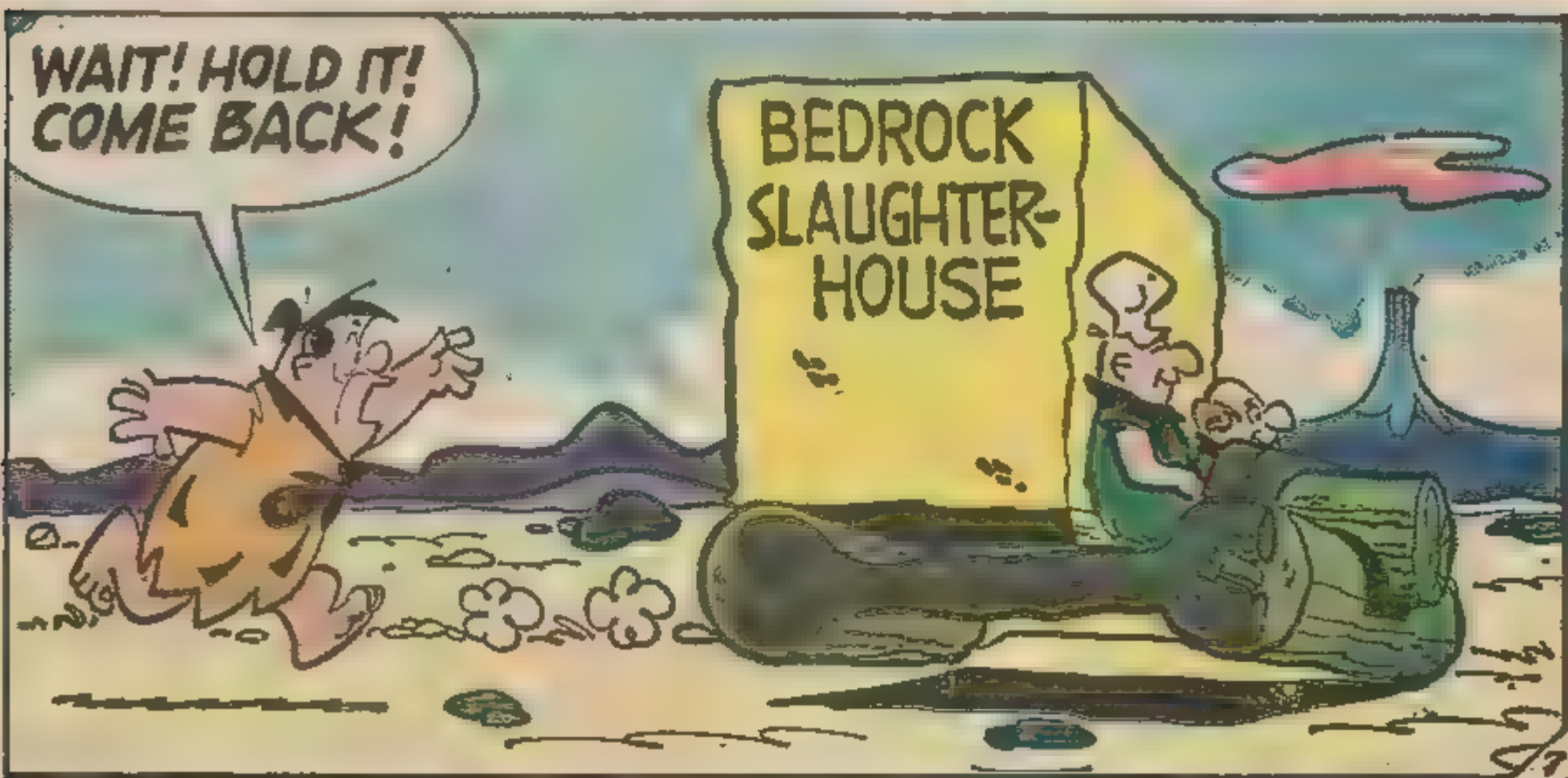
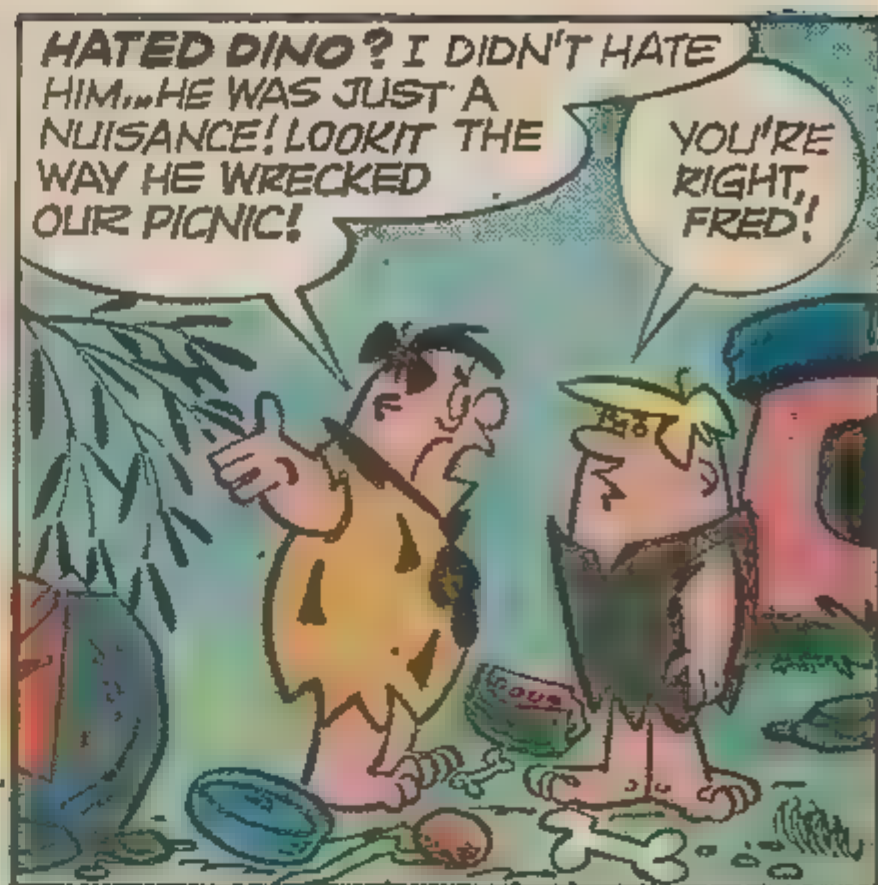


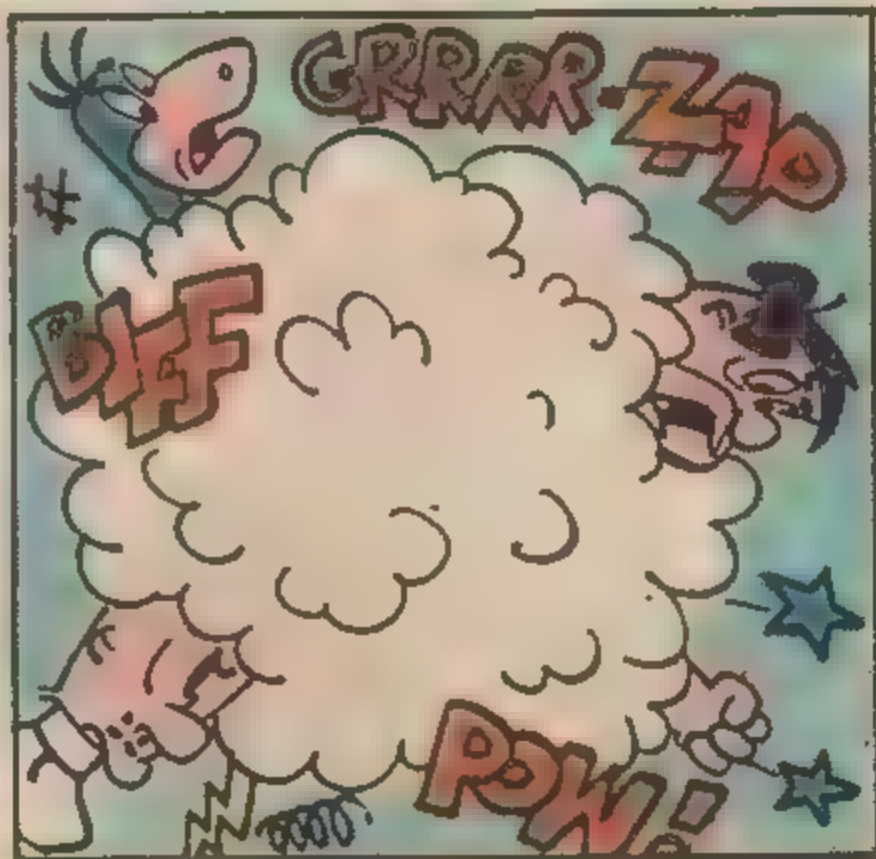
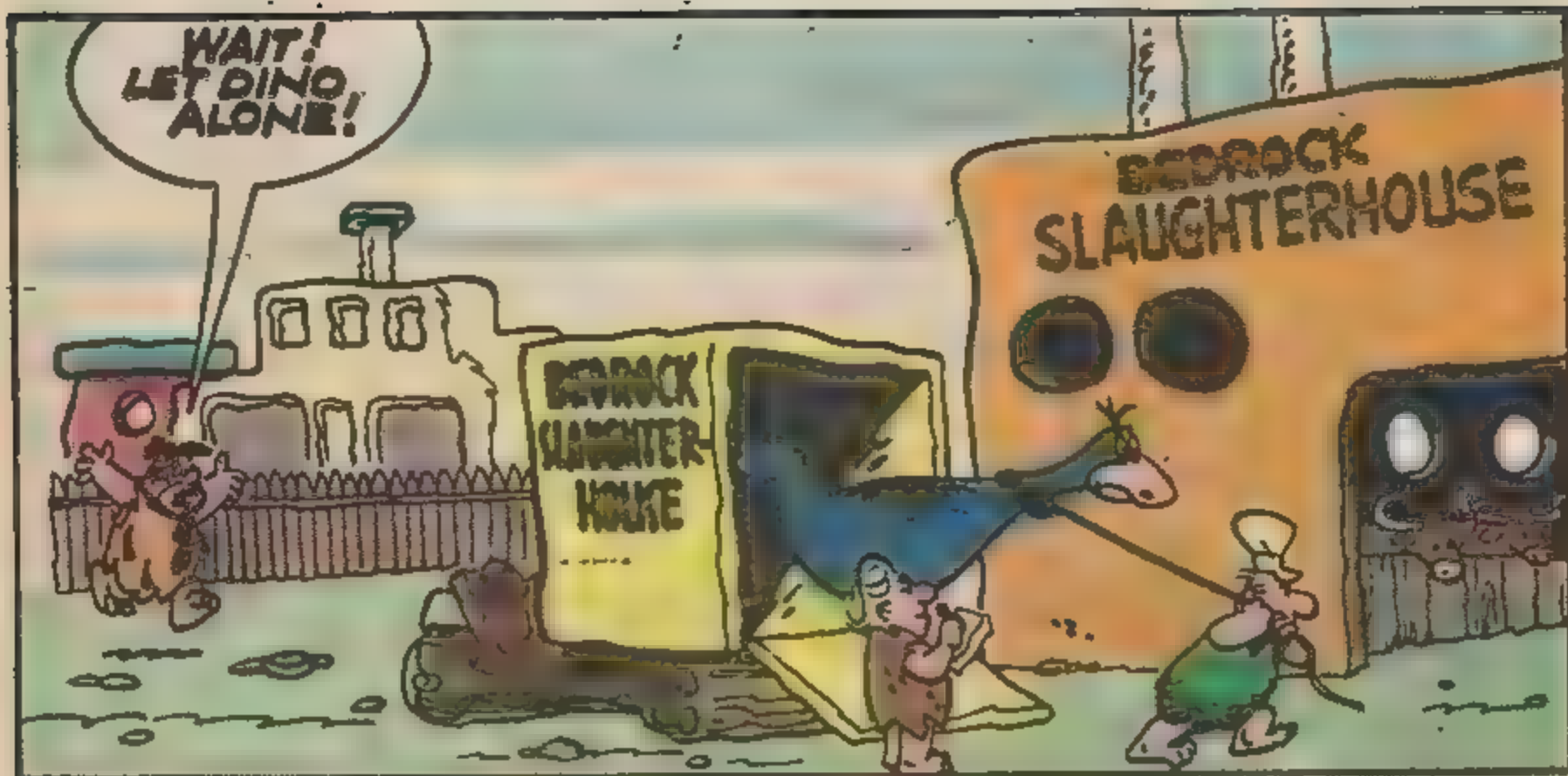






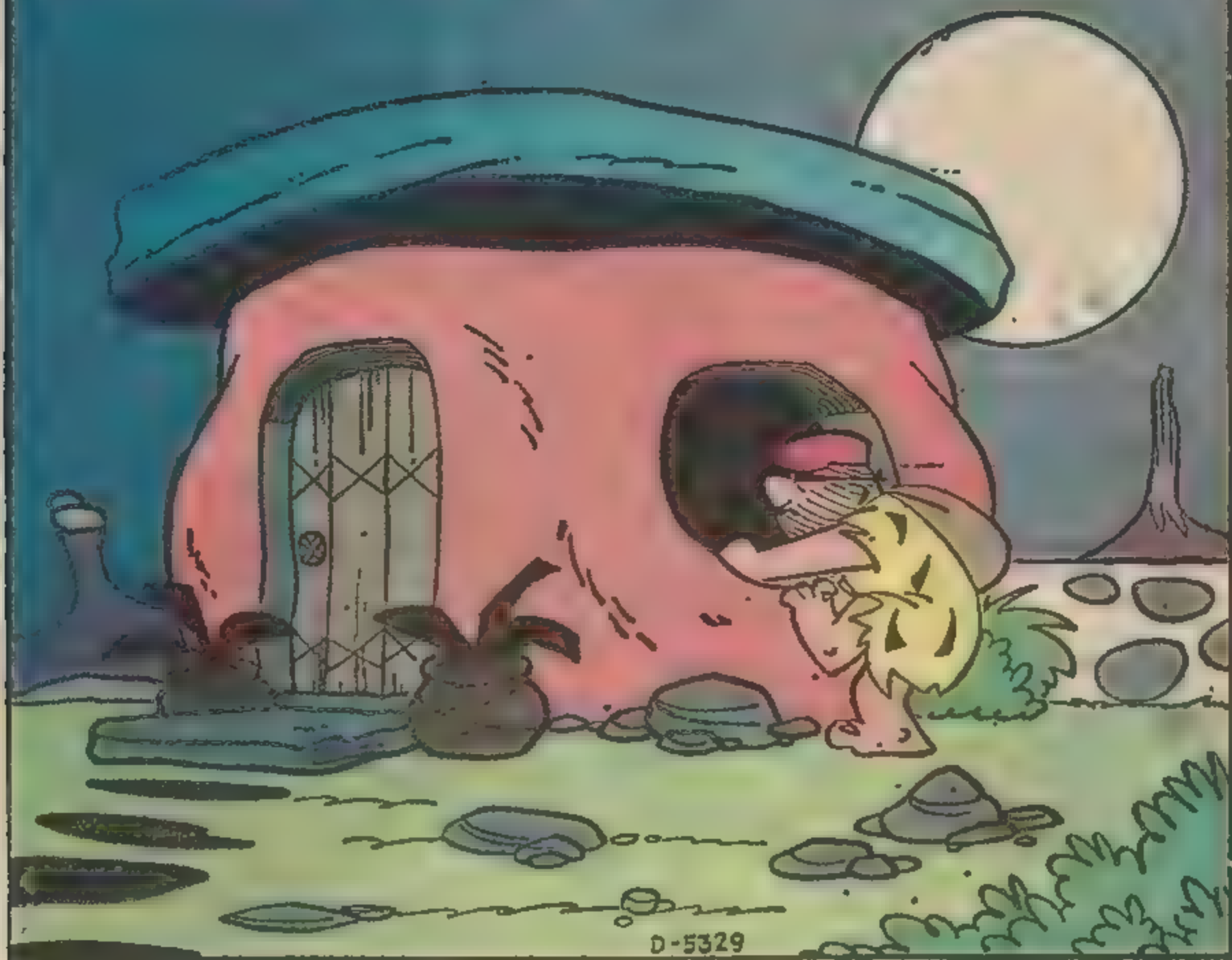


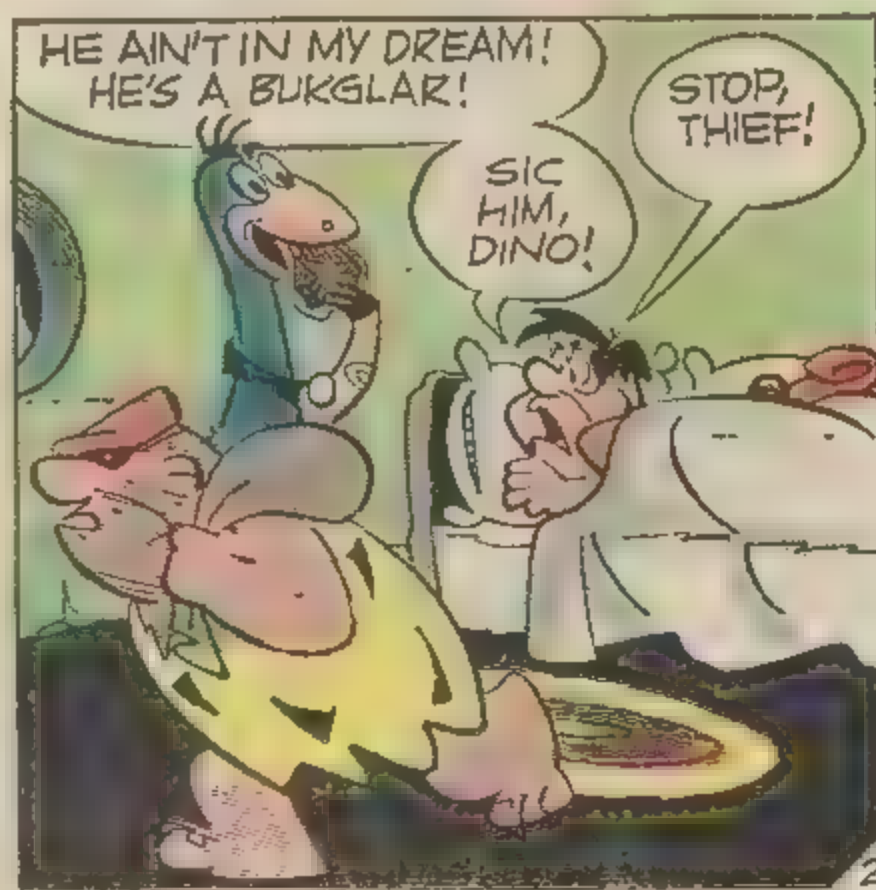
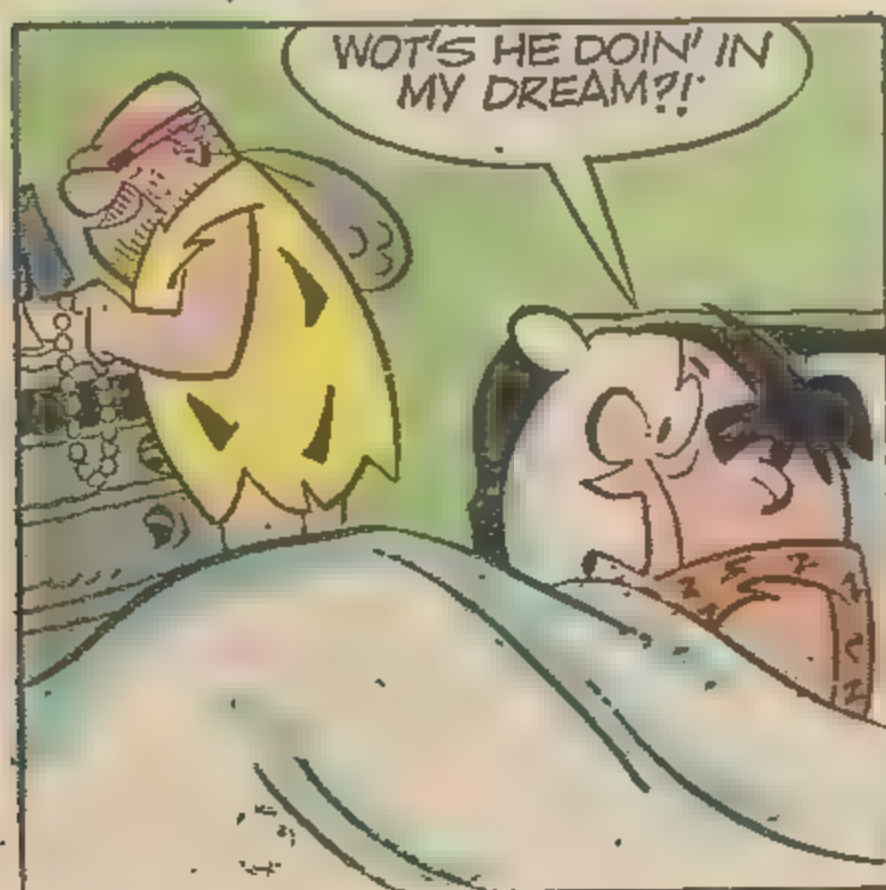
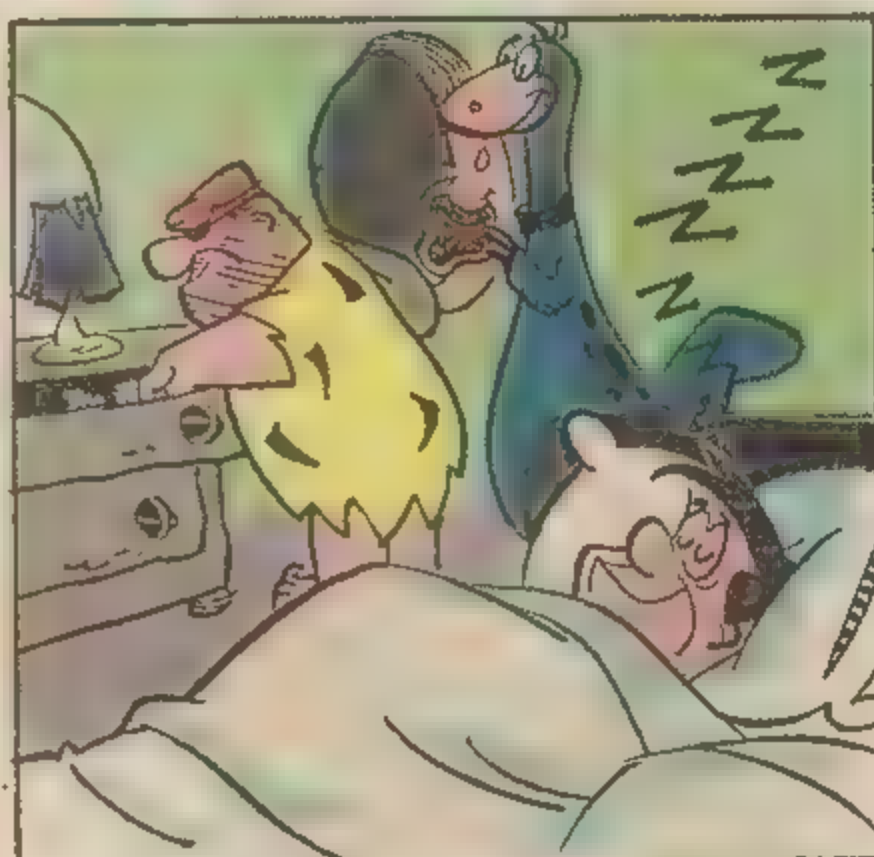
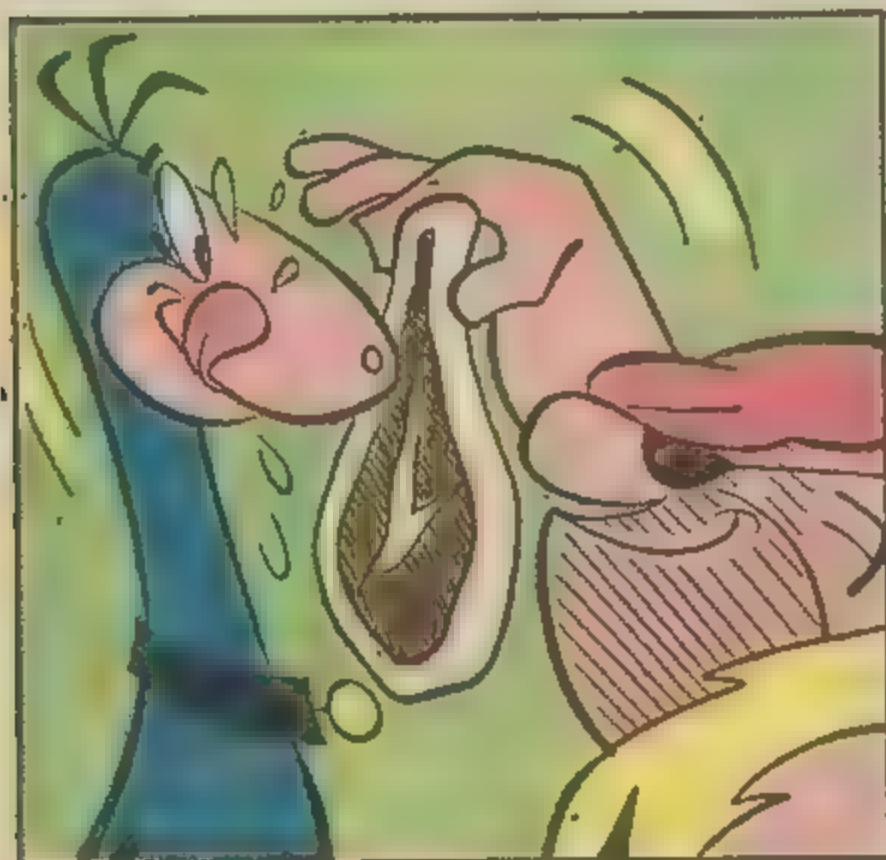
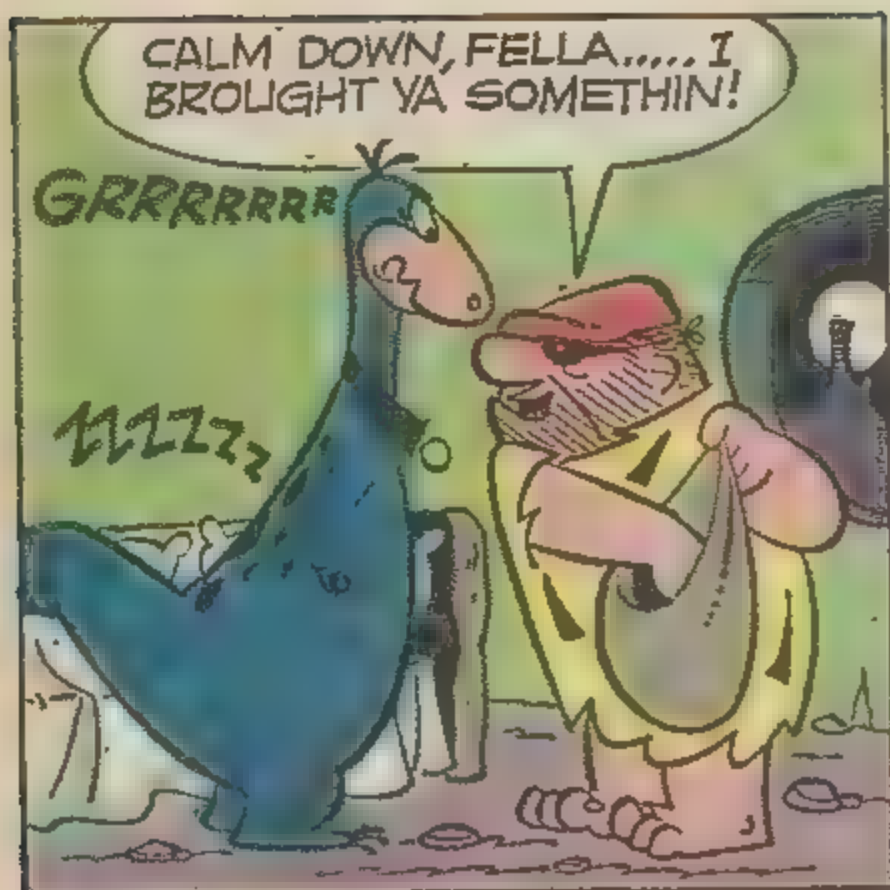


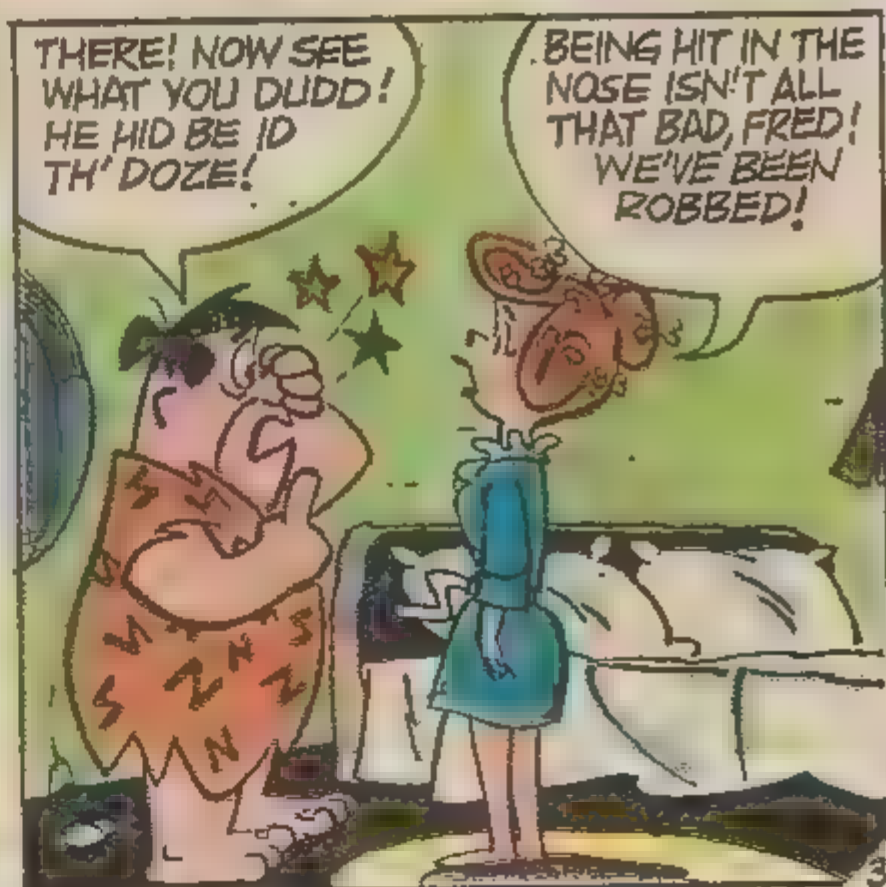
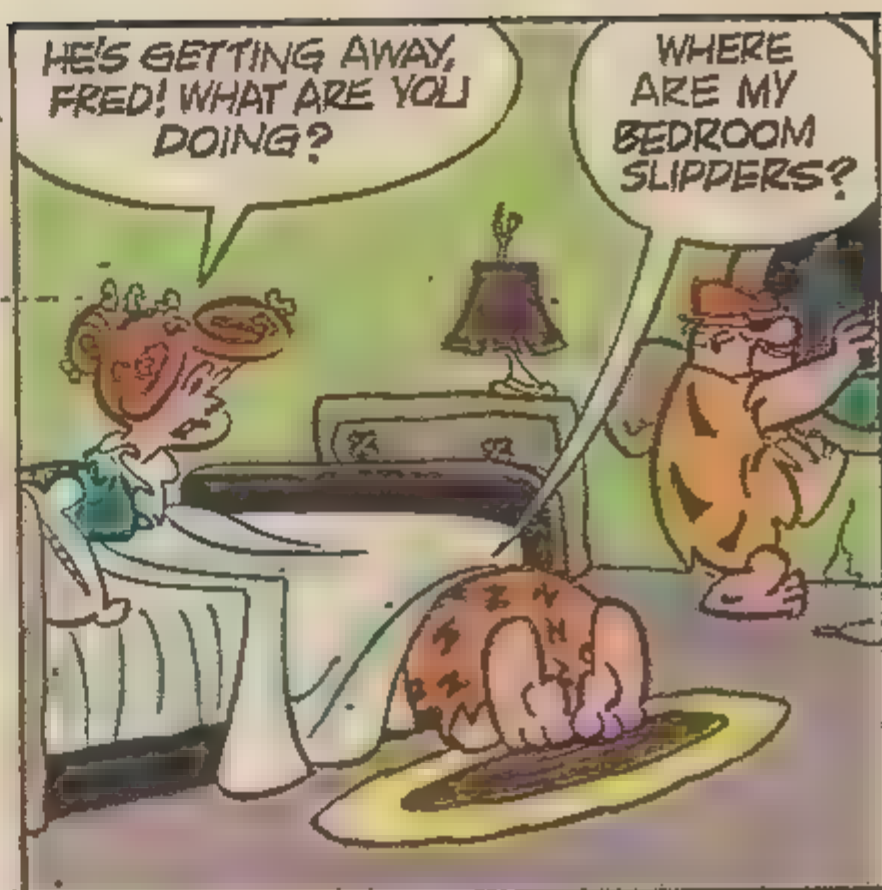
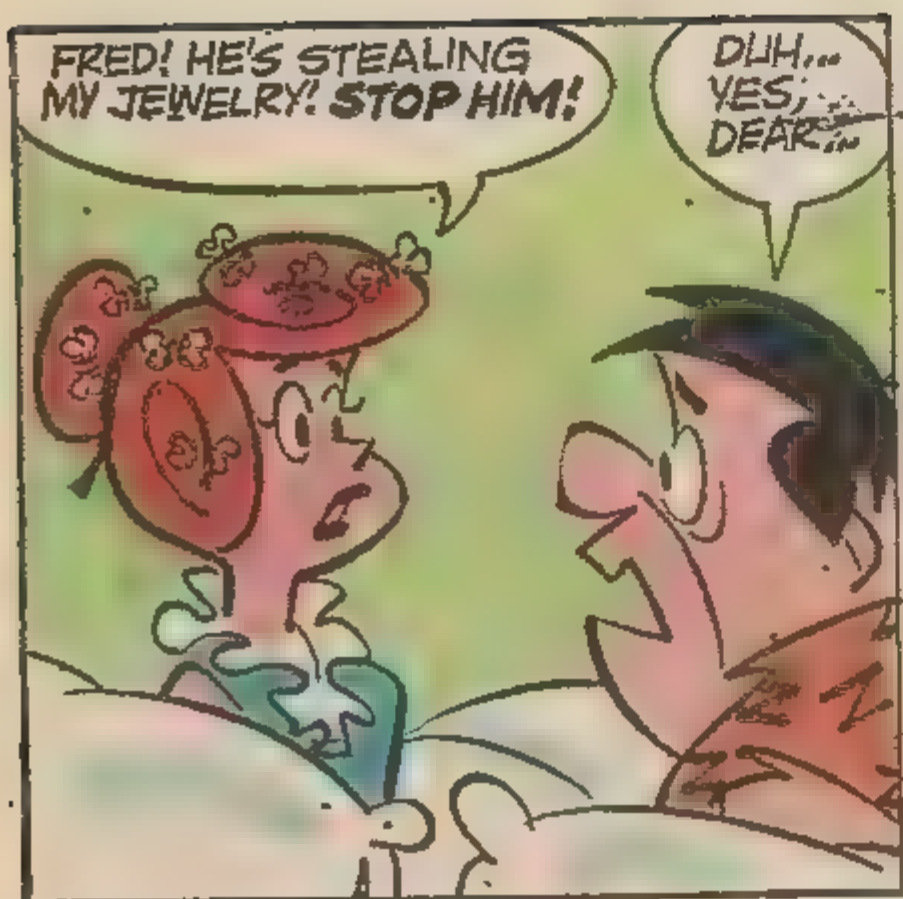


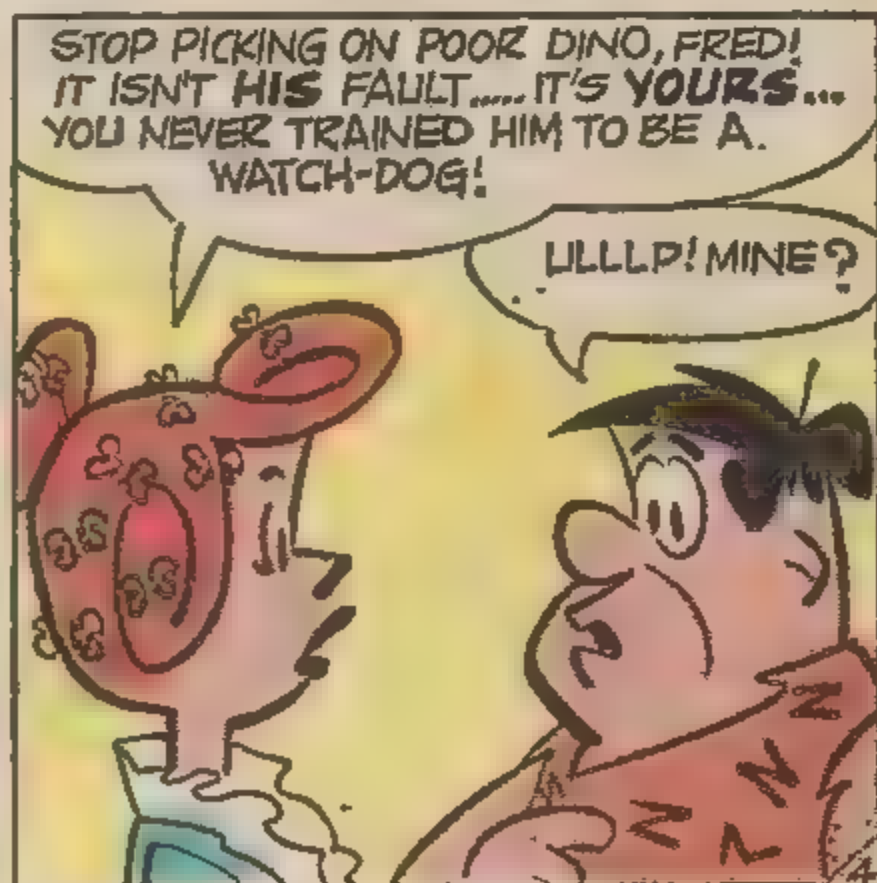
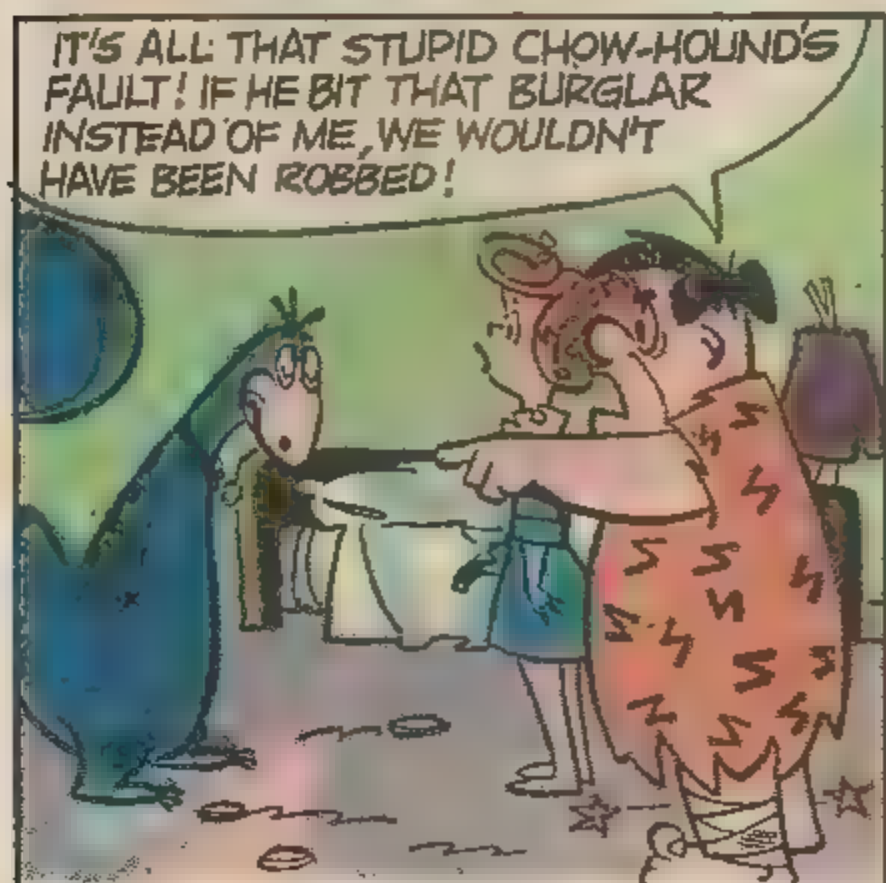
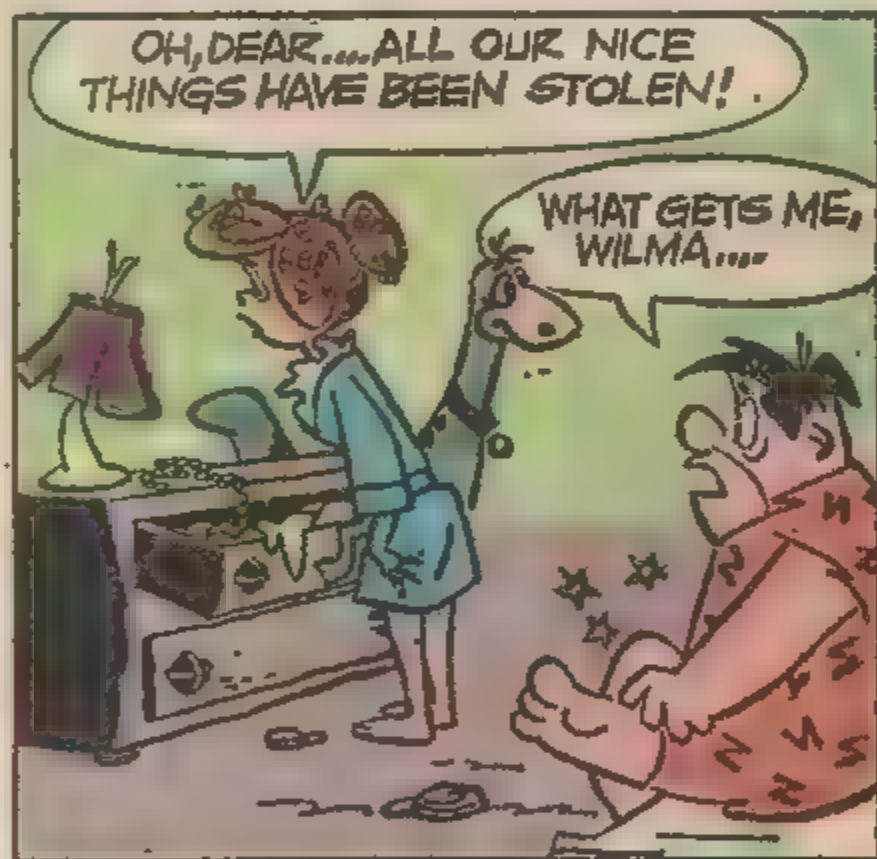
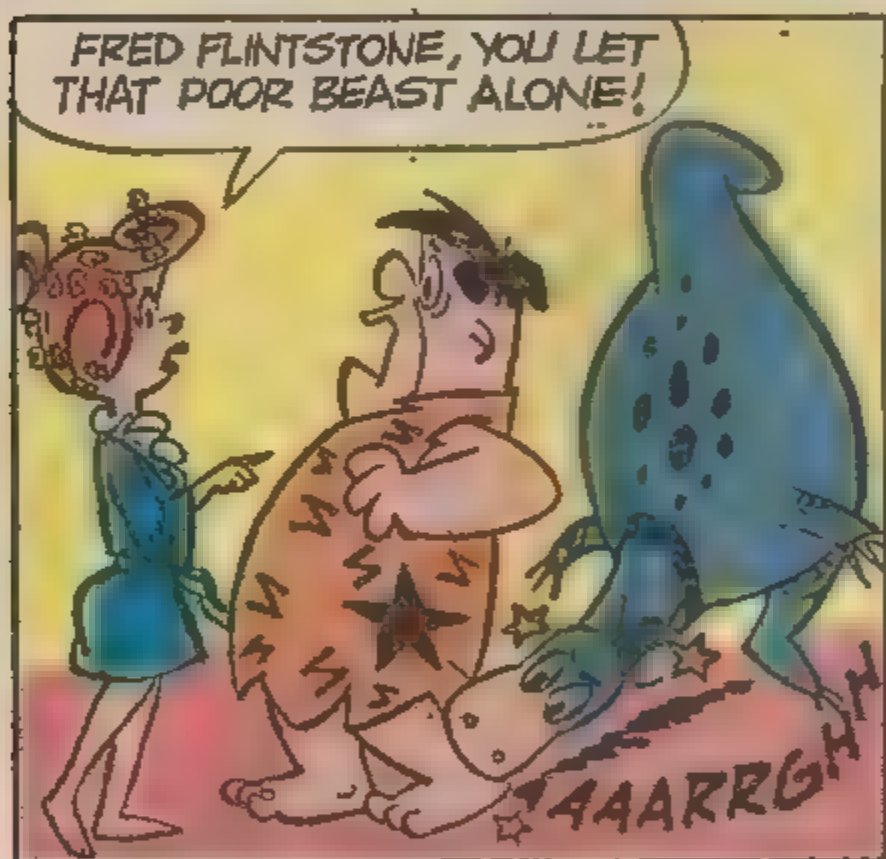
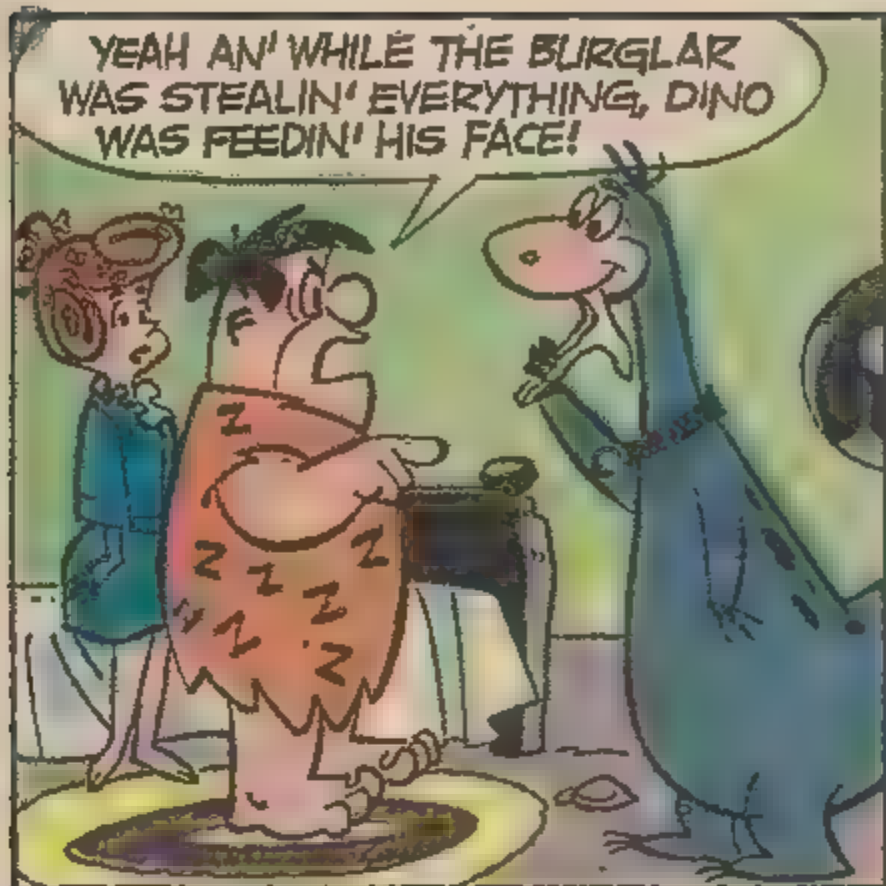
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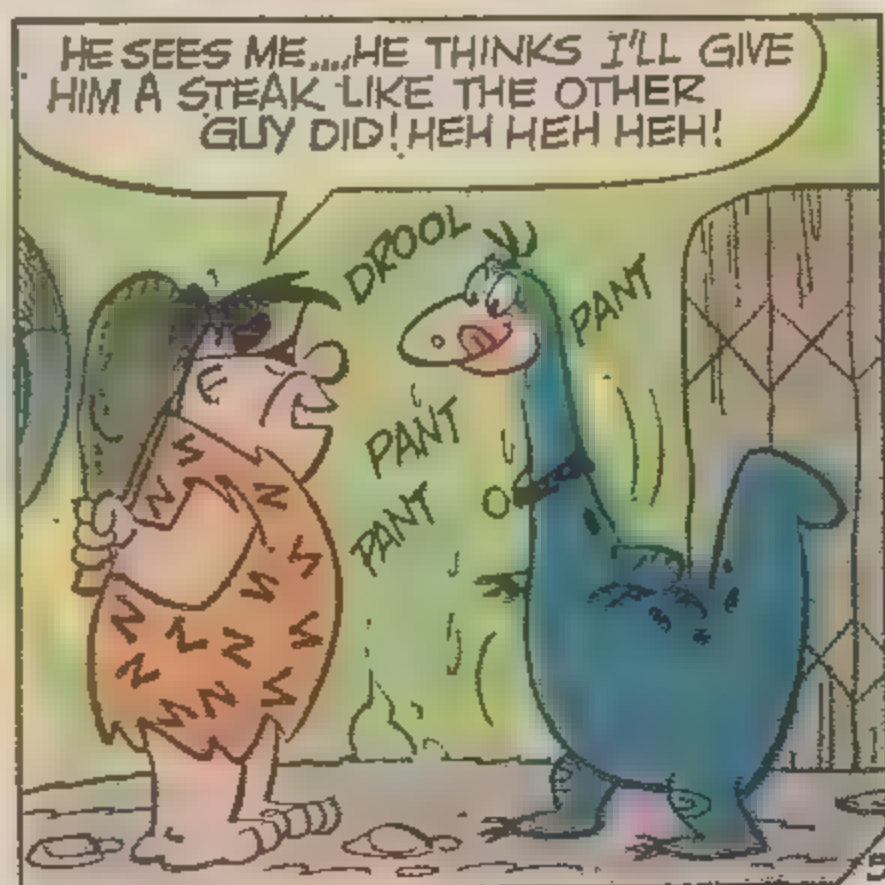
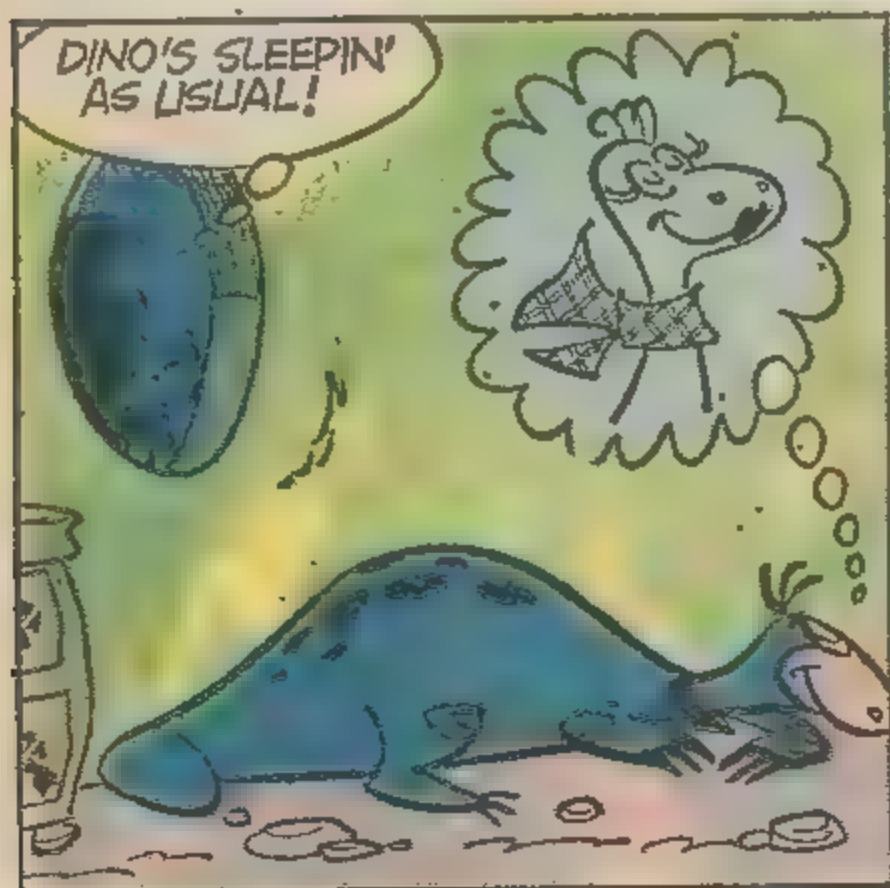
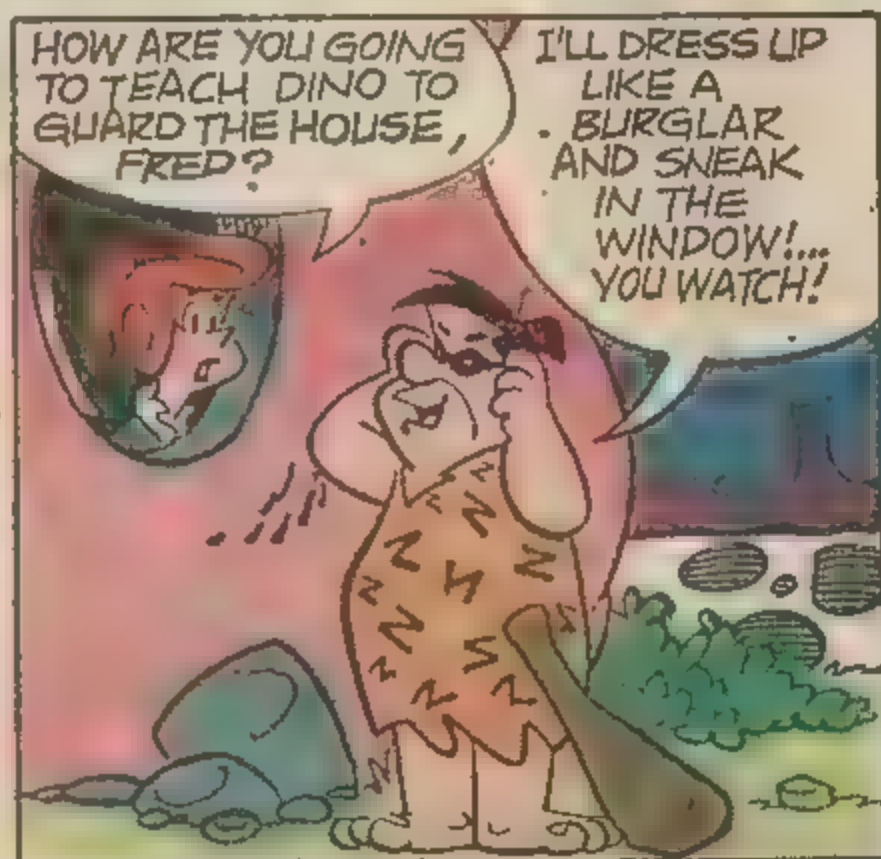
IN *SIC HIM,
DINO!*

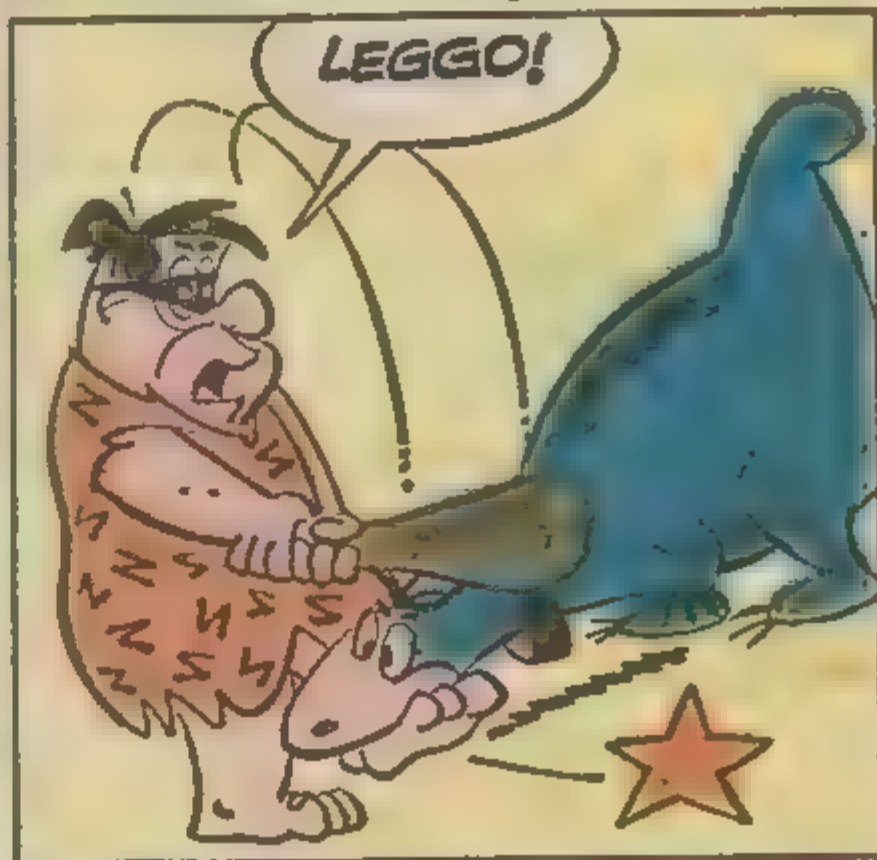
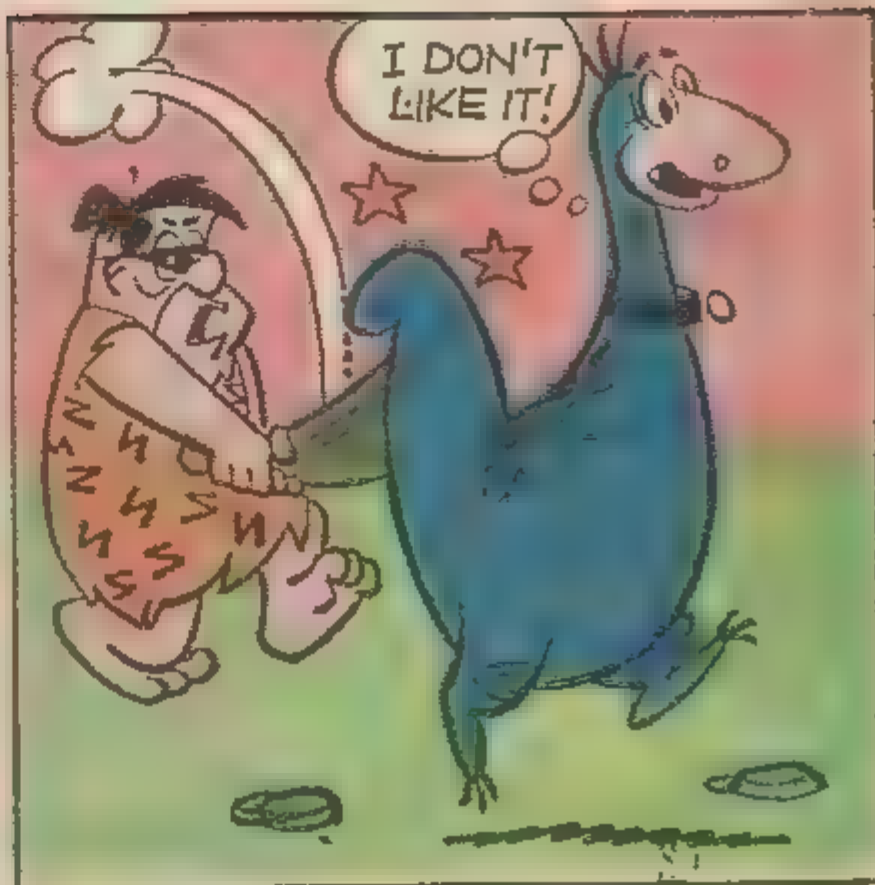


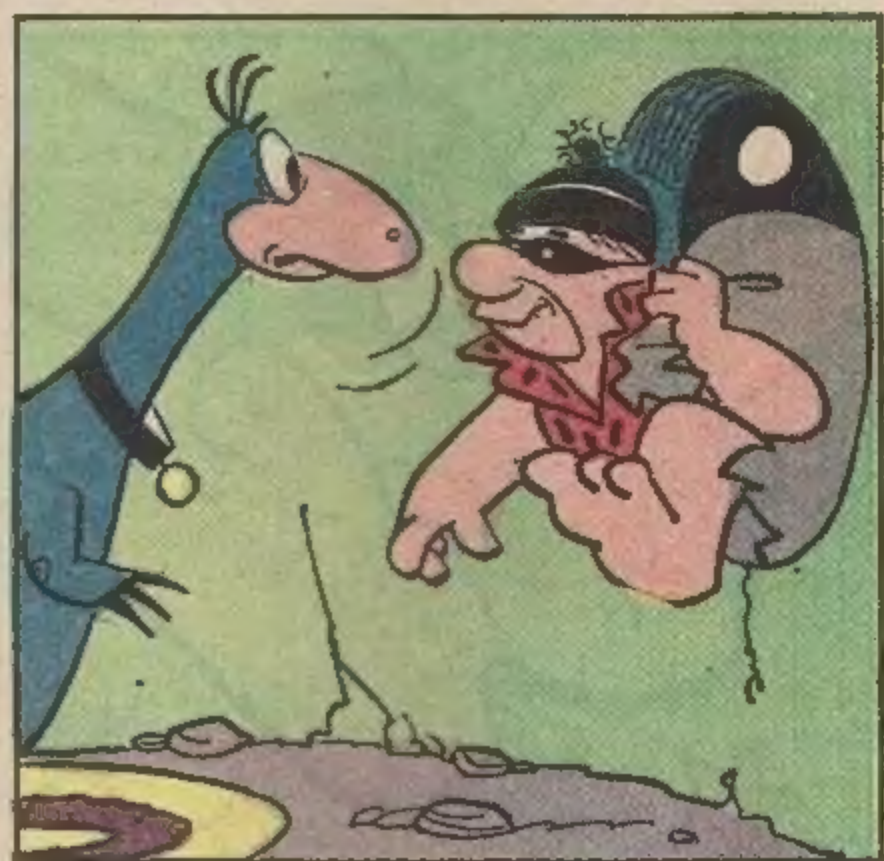














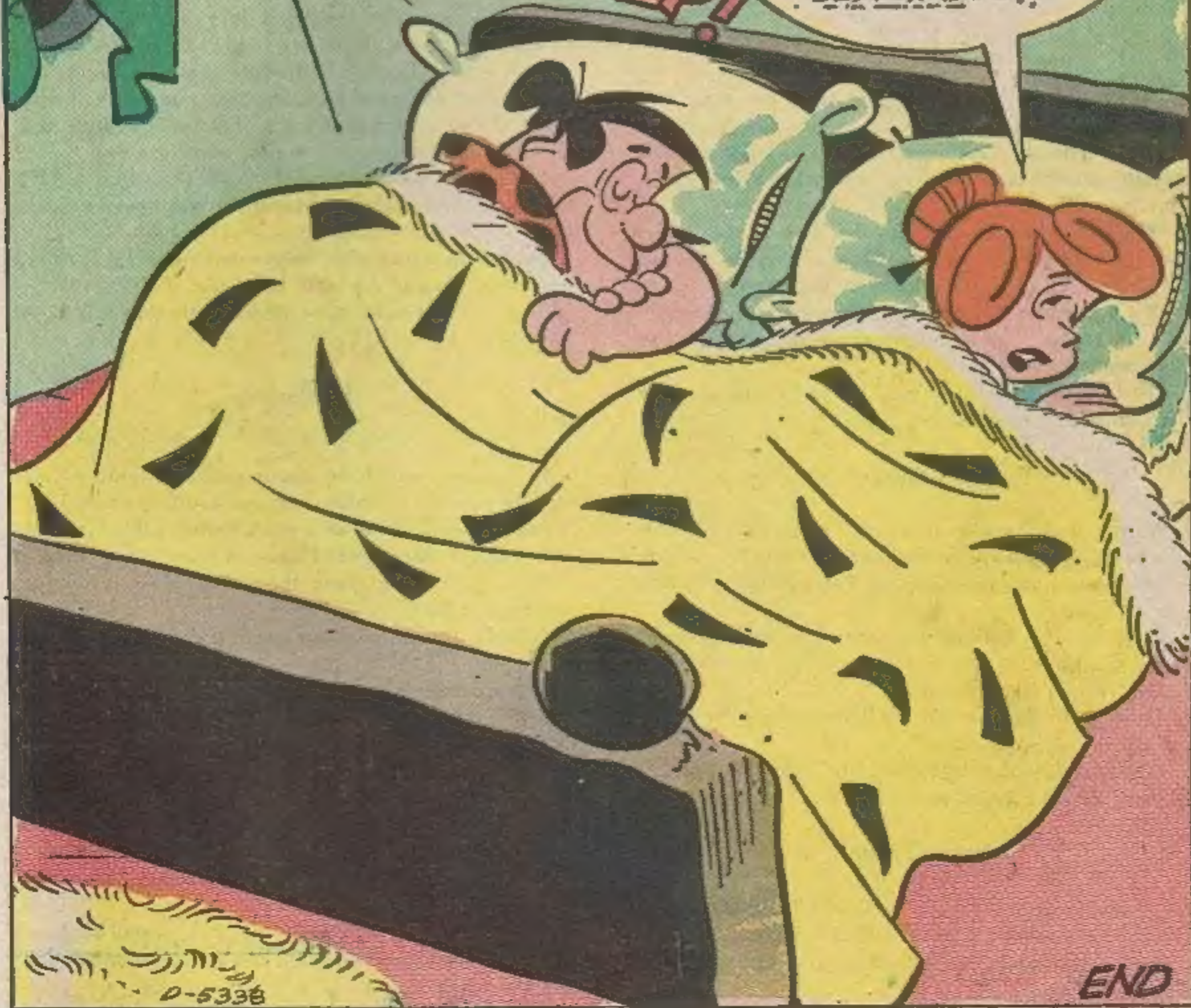
DINO IN

"IT MUST BE SOMETHING
HE ATE"

GHE-ONK!
EEZZZZZK!

PHAAALP!

TURN OVER, FRED!
YOUR SNORING IS
GETTING UN-
BELIEVABLE!



END

SHORT SNORTS

The Sentence

This particular story comes from behind the Iron Curtain. The poet, Yashenko, had been given a very long sentence in what we call, "A Prison Labor Camp." All he had done was to write a short poem. A few lines translated into English: "We pay them a lot of money, while they get fat on honey. It is not nice to pay a big price for inefficiency."

So, there he landed in cold Siberia. In the free world, protest meetings were held to get him released so he could again write his poetry. Even his prison guards sympathized with him, but what could he do.

Each day he would ask guard Brobyasku the same question, and each day the guard would give him the same reply:

"Believe me, I wouldn't fool you. I will let you know when it is the year 2009 and you are free to leave."

The Numbers

They say that all women, when they get older, are very sensitive about their age. In this situation, we meet the wife of the driver of a car. Another car had sideswiped him and then sped away. An officer came up to the driver.

"If you could only give me the license number of that car, I could radio ahead; and we would pick up the driver. He certainly should be punished."

"By a strange coincidence, I know the numbers," was the reply. "The four numbers on his plate are the year my wife was born."

"Forget it," said the wife. "He just made a slight dent on your already dented door."

The Secret

"Can you really keep a secret?" asked one woman of another. "I mean that under no condition whatsoever would you reveal what I am going to say to you."

"I swear it," replied the second woman. "I will never repeat what you say to me. I shall be deaf and dumb. Is that o.k. with you?"

"Fine with me," smiled the first woman. "Lend me ten dollars until Tuesday."

"Don't worry about your secret," was the reply. "I haven't heard a word you said."

Puppy's Pitch

"I wanna puppy for my birthday," pleaded little Louis. "Remember? You said that if I ate up all the cereal at breakfast, you would get me a puppy. So, I wanna puppy."



"You did make that promise," reminded mother. "So, be a good father and get Louis that puppy."

Father went to the phone book and found the phone number of Peter's Puppy Place. Then, he dialed it.

"I want a puppy that is very friendly; and of course, must be very clean. The puppy should be intelligent and willing to learn. He will be the companion of my six year old son."

"Just have what you want," said the voice at the other end. "Only one left. Better take him. Price is \$56."

"Am I speaking to the owner of the store?" questioned father.

"No," was the startling reply. "You are speaking to the puppy."

Quiet, Please

I was assigned to study hall duty every Wednesday in our high school. Fifth period was for our freshman class. I noticed the boy in the fifth row speaking to his neighbor at the top of his voice. This was prohibited by order of our principal. So, I walked over to him and signaled to him to come to me, which he did.

"You have to be very quiet here in the study hall," I told him. "The students around you can't even read at all."

There was a look of astonishment on his face. Then, he almost floored me with his reply.

"If they can't read, then why are they in this high school?"

The Blessing

There was something about John Whitmore that was very hard to explain. All you could say was that he was a certain kind of a man. Perhaps this incident will make it clear what I have in mind about him.

He was walking along the street when a beggar came up to him.

"Please, mister, can you spare a dime for a cup of coffee?"

"Where can you get a cup of coffee for a dime today?" questioned John Whitmore. "Tell me, and you can have the dime."

"At Joe's diner around the corner," was the reply.

"Now, mister, can I have that dime?"

Rather grudgingly, the man put his hand into his pocket; took out the coin, and gave it to the beggar.

"Bless you," said the receiver of the coin. "May the Heavens repay you tenfold."

"What kind of a blessing is that?" snapped back an angry John Whitmore. "All I can get is just one dollar for this deed."